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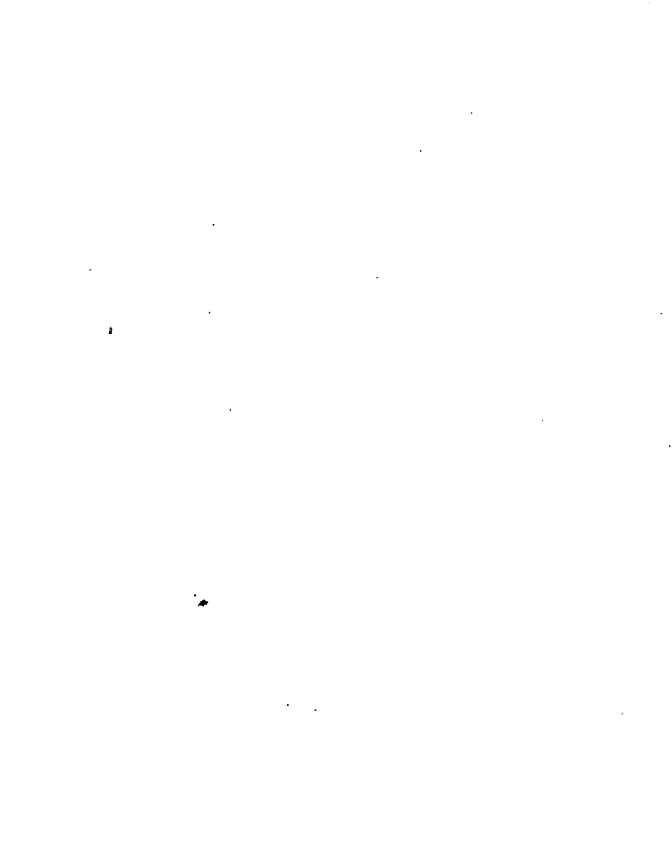
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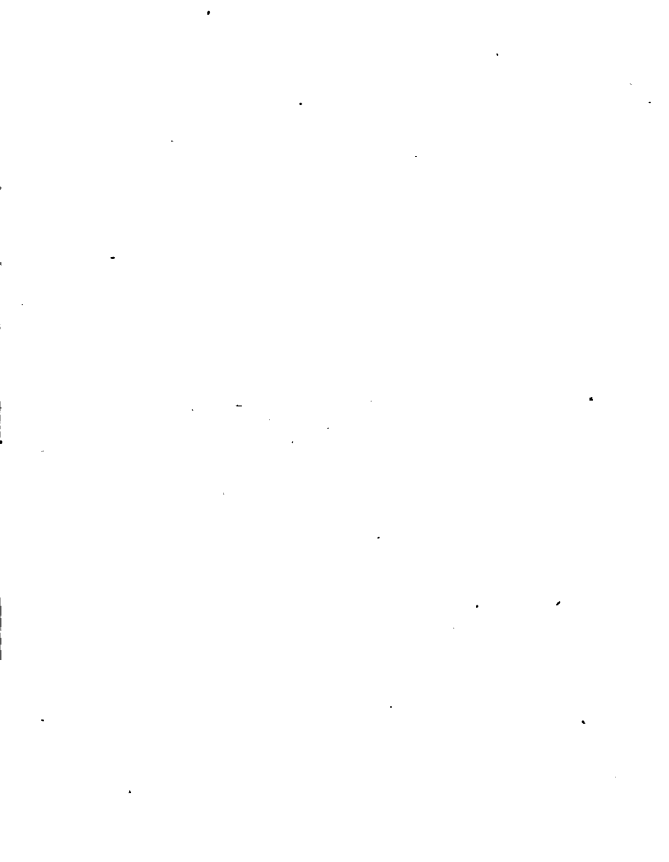
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NUGÆ SACRÆ.

ſc. ſc.

LONDON:
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P. H. 1826

NUGÆ SACRÆ.

OR,

**PSALMS AND HYMNS, AND SPIRITUAL
SONGS.**

UNTO THEE, O LORD, WILL I SING.

PSALM ci. 1.

LONDON:

J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXV.

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PREFACE.

THOUGH these little sacred Pieces were certainly not composed with any design of publication, yet having imperceptibly accumulated, the writer willingly presents them to the public; not only in the hope, that they may prove an acceptable though trifling acquisition in, perhaps, the only department of poetry that is but scantily supplied; but also in the serious recollection, that he who held but one talent, was not on that account exculpated, in hiding “his Lord’s money.”

N. B.—If any of the writer’s friends should chance to recognize some of the hymns, he feels assured that, *as such*, they will favour his earnest wish to conceal his name.



INTRODUCTORY DEDICATION.

To *****

THE strain, that naught but truth can boast,
The fond and grateful strain, receive :
But ah! 'tis those who owe the most,
Have least to give !

It asks indulgence tow'rd the lays
Which it anew * inscribes to thee;
Asks that the love it thus displays
May welcome be.

* The first manuscript copy of them was thus inscribed.

Rude as they are—no more I seek :
Nor would repress the humbling thought,
Much of the cross, that those may speak
Who bear it not :

That worshippers with lip and tongue
Yet fix'd to earth, may lingering stand ;
And e'en may Zion's harp have strung
In a strange land.

Though clear the head, that darkness still
May o'er the inmost heart prevail ;
As light, more oft, plays o'er the hill
Than threads the dale.

Nor are these simple lays design'd,
While of celestial themes they treat,
As transcripts of the private mind,
Thine eye to meet ;

For well my heart might mourn to thee
The lingering gloom of error's night ;
Oh, ask for me, the blest decree,
Let there be light !

And may this light in purest ray
Still o'er thy path be brightly given ;
Pour o'er thy way the perfect day,
The dawn of heaven !

July, 1825.



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NUGÆ SACRÆ.

PART I.

PSALMS.

PSALM VI.

LORD, in thy wrath rebuke me not,
Nor in thine anger chide :
Rather let mercy be my lot—
Heal me, O Lord, for pain hath brought
Me low, and hath so inly wrought,
That all my bones are dried.

My soul is also vexed sore,
But Thou, O Lord, how long ?
Return, as in the days of yore,
Open afresh thy mercies' store—
For who, that earth has mantled o'er,
Shall raise the thankful song ?

O, I am weary with my woes ;
 With tears my pillows swim,
 And o'er my couch their torrent flows,
 Mine eye with sorrow wasted grows—
 Nor less, because of all my foes,
 Its lustre waxes dim.

Depart, ye fabulists of lies,
 Against my Lord and me ;
 For God hath heard my mournful cries,
 Treasured my tears, numbered my sighs ;
 He shall disperse mine enemies,
 And shame them suddenly.

PSALM XV.

Lord, who thy holy hill shall gain?
 Who in thy sanctuary remain?
 They who an upright walk maintain.
 He who is just—in words sincere,
 Who hates the slanderous tale severe,
 And holds his neighbour's interest dear.
 Who, the vile person counts as dross,
 But honours them that bear the cross ;
 That firmly swears, though to his loss.
 Who lendeth not to usury,
 Nor, 'gainst the guiltless, taketh fee—
 He that does thus, shall stedfast be.

PSALM XX.

Thee, may the Lord in trouble hear
The name of Jacob's God defend,
Help from the sanctuary confer,
And strength'ning out of Zion send !

Thy offerings all, remember still,
And thy burnt sacrifice accept ;
Grant thee according to thy will,
And cause thy counsel to be kept.

In His salvation we rejoice,
And in his name our banners wave :
The Lord attend thy suppliant voice,
For now I know he loves to save.

He from his holy heaven afar,
With saving strength will hear his own,
Then not in arms or steeds of war
We'll trust, but in the Lord alone.

For they who made of these their boast
Have sunk, while we upright remain ;
Save, Lord, or all our hope is lost,
Nor let our prayer ascend in vain !

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord, my shepherd and my guide,
Shall for my every want provide ;
Make me in pastures green to feed,
And by the silent waters lead.

He, my strayed soul, restores, secures,
And to his righteous paths allures ;
Yea, though I tread death's shadowy vale,
No terror shall my heart assail.

For even here, dost thou, my God,
Console me with thy staff and rod—
The rod of faith, that points to Thee,
The staff of love, that strengthens me.

When deadly foes against me fight,
Thou spread'st my table in their sight ;
Dost o'er my head sweet ointment pour,
And make my cup with joy run o'er.

Then in thy love, so often tried,
Let me with stedfast hope confide ;
Mercy shall still my portion be,
And ever will I dwell with Thee !

PSALM XLVI.

God is our strength, and all our stay,
The refuge that we take ;
Nor will we cast our hope away,
Though earth itself should shake.

Though mountains in the deep be hurled,
And loud the billows roar ;
Though high their foamy crests be curled,
And dashed against the shore.

There is a stream, whose tranquil tide
Through Zion's city flows,
Around that sanctuary to glide,
Which God his dwelling chose.

With Him within, naught can appal,
His aid shall not delay,
Though heathens rage, and kingdoms fall,
And earth dissolve away.

The Lord of hosts our shield shall be,
And Jacob's God our sun,
Look through the world, and rev'rent see
What judgments he hath done.

'Tis His alone to bid them cease:
 He stills the raging war,
 Its weapons turns to tools of peace,
 And burns the hostile car.

Be still—and know that I am God:
 I will exalt my name,
 Will point to earth my warning rod,
 And all the glory claim.

'Tis mine, those mighty arms to wield,
 That have the victory won:—
 The Lord of hosts be still our shield,
 And Jacob's God our sun!

PSALM LXVII.

God, to our request incline,
 Cause his face on us to shine!
 That thy power to save, and heal,
 Every realm, O God, may feel:
 Let them learn and laud thy ways,
 Thee let all the people praise.

Let the nations all rejoice,
 Sing for joy with cheerful voice;
 For in judgment's righteous way
 Thou shalt all their kingdoms sway:
 Let them loud thanksgiving raise,
 Thee let all the people praise.

Then the wide earth's varied field
Shall a plenteous increase yield,
And with peace and righteousness,
God, our gracious God, shall bless :
God shall bless us, and be near :
Him the ends of earth shall fear !

PSALM XCIII.

The Saviour reigns in Zion's height,
Is girt with strength, as buckler bright ;
The world hath stablish'd in His might,
And built His throne in fadeless light.
The floods lift up their voice on high,
And deeps, to calling deeps, reply ;
But Christ, beclad with majesty,
Is mightier than their raging cry.
His testimonies all are sure,
His promise fix'd—his reign secure.
Holiness fits His temple pure,
Long as th' eternal hills endure.

PSALM CXIV.

When Israel, at the Lord's command,
Escaped from Egypt's hostile strand,
Judah became his rest, his land
Flow'd with the honey-rill :

Ocean retreated, this to see
 Jordan's fray'd billows turned to flee,
 Like rams the mountains bounded free,
 Like lambs each little hill.

What ail'd thee, sea, thy course that left?
 Jordan, what thee, that back thou stept?
 Ye mountains, that like rams ye leapt?

Ye hills like lambs at play?
 Tremble thou earth, and awe-struck shake
 Before the Lord, who, to a lake
 The rock can turn—the flint can make
 In waters melt away!

PSALM CXXVI.

When the Lord returned again,
 Breaking captive Zion's chain,
 We were like to those that dream,
 Joying in the happy theme;
 Laughter dwelt upon our tongue,
 While of liberty we sung.

Then our strain the heathen caught,
 "Much for them the Lord hath wrought."
 "Yes," we cried, with thankful voice,
 "Therefore shall our hearts rejoice."
 Lord, once more, our slavery
 Turn as southern streamlet free!

They who tears of sorrow weep,
As they sow, in joy shall reap :
He that clad in mourning weed,
Goeth scattering precious seed ;
Soon away that weed shall fling,
And his sheaves rejoicing bring.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Behold, for it is good to see,
(And pleasant, if experience tell,)
How excellent that unity
In which the holy brethren dwell.

'Tis like the oil on Aaron shed,
Type of our own High-Priest divine,
Pour'd on the head that overspread
That vestment,* of His church the sign.

And like the dew that morning flings
O'er Zion fair, and Hermon hoar,
For love is Gilead's balm, that brings
Blessing, and life for evermore!

* Exod. xxxix. 8, and six following verses.

PART II.

H Y M N S.

SECTION I.

HYMNS ON GENERAL SUBJECTS.

“ There shall come a star out of Jacob.”
NUMB. xxiv. 17.

STAR, by the shepherds hail'd as Jacob's star,
 (That kept their flock upon the night-dew'd sod,)
 Star of the East! whose radiance shone afar,
 And lighten'd o'er the path the sages trod,
 Who, to thy brightness came,
 Led by thy guiding flame,
 And in the “given* child” of Bethlehem, owned their
 God!

* Isaiah ix. 6.

How did thy ray thy prompt adorers cheer !
 A sun, to bid their hopes, their joys, to spring ;
 Till, as grows dim the day-star's bright career,
 If the dark moon her veil should o'er him fling,
 Was thy celestial light
 Eclips'd o'er Calvary's height,
 Thy sacred beaming shorn, and droop'd thy healing
 wing.

To mourning then, was changed their joyous theme ;
 Nor budding hope, nor springing joy might bloom,
 When He, they trusted Israel should redeem,
 Their light of promise, set in the damp tomb :
 Yet 'mid the darkness dread,
 His wing an unction shed,
 To heal His people's breach, e'en in that hour of
 gloom.

Blest Sun of Righteousness ? that hid thy head
 But to look forth in brightness, dim'd no more ;
 Veil'd, while that moon, the church thou lovedst, spread
 Her dark opaque of guilt, thy radiance o'er :
 And thou didst ransom well
 That church, thine Israel,
 When, bow'd, thy sacred head her bitter chast'ning
 bore.

Cloth'd with thy light, around that light she throws,
 As on, 'mid Time's chill night, she holds her way,
 And changeful, though with varying power she glows,
 Tho' earth, intrusive oft obstruct thy ray,
 Yet will she lovely gleam
 In thy reflected beam
 Till, on that night thou break, to pour the perfect
 day!

“ As thy days so shall thy strength be.”
 DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

“ Whate'er thy day is, so thy strength shall be:”
 Christ can alone such blest assurance give,
 Who op'd to us heaven's glorious treasury,
 When to the grave He stoop'd, that we might live.

And all his followers find their Saviour true,
 They prove the power of his redeeming love;
 And taught by faith to raise their stedfast view,
 Behold him, risen for ever, throned above.

Does grief or sin oppress? they lighten'd feel,
 Gazing on him that looks in pity down;
 Do foes assail? they take his arms of steel,
 And, more than conqu'rors, win the victor's crown.

Thus, still, to Him by whom the winds are still'd,
When wave-tost on life's stormy tide, they flee,
And know His promise in themselves fulfill'd :
" Whate'er thy day is, so thy strength shall be."

" There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the
city of God." PSAL. xli. 4.

There is a pure and tranquil wave
That rolls around the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden, as they lave
The peaceful shores above.

While streams, which on that tide depend,
Steal from those heavenly shores away,
And on this desert world descend
O'er weary lands to stray.

The pilgrim faint, and nigh to sink
Beneath his load of earthly woe,
Refresh'd beside their verdant brink,
Rejoices in their flow.

There, O my soul, do thou repair,
And hover o'er the hallow'd spring,
To drink the chrystal wave, and there
To lave thy wearied wing.

There droop that wing, when far it flies
From human care, and toil, and strife,
And feed by those still streams, that rise
Beneath the Tree of Life.

It may be, that the breath of love
Some leaves on their pure tide have driven,
Which, passing from the shores above,
Have floated down from heaven.

So shall thy wounds and woes be healed
By the best virtue that they bring,
So thy parch'd lips shall be unsealed,
Thy Saviour's praise to sing.

“Thou hast given a banner to them that feared thee, that it
may be displayed because of the truth.”

PSAL. lx. 4.

A banner of light Jehovah gives
In his cause of truth to be wide unfurl'd;
The life, that the lowly Christian lives
Display'd in the sight of an erring world.

The footstep of him that walks aright,
The light of the just man's path, appears
A shining track in this world of night,
A beam to break o'er this vale of tears.

More bright than the lightning's fervid ray
O'er the sable cloud for a moment driven;
More fair, than the radiant milky-way,
That smiling light on the face of heaven.

These glorious banners, O God, we pray,
Unfurl by the arm of redeeming might,
Unnumber'd as beams of the orient day,
And pure as the gems on the brow of night!

“ Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.”
PSAL. cxix. 117.

Hold thou me up, and I shall be
Secure from every enemy :
Take not, O gracious God, from me
Thy Spirit holy, kind, and free !
With store of saving faith supply,
While thus I raise my mournful cry :
A Saviour, or despair is nigh,
And a Redeemer, or I die.
Lord, hear me, while I call on Thee,
Uphold me, and I safe shall be ;
Nor, in thine anger, take from me
Thy wonted boon, thy Spirit free !

“ Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.”

ECCL. i. 14.

Moments there are in the mind's history,
 Of sadness undefin'd, nor born of woe ;
 When all the sweets of life, the joys below
 Stretch but the blank, tho' fair, tho' dear they be :
 Hope's willing door, we loose to Fancy free ;
 But, like the first-sent Dove, she finds not rest,
 Brings home no olive to th' unquiet breast.
 Each bough of green sunk 'neath the mantling sea.
 Yet are such moments, ministers of heaven,
 Their dusky veil enfolds celestial things ;
 The soul, from earth and earth-born solace, driven
 By faith's full hand of higher joys is given ;
 While heaven's own Dove, upborne on hast'ning wings,
 Pluck'd from the tree of life, its healing peace-branch
 brings.

“ He feedeth amongst the lilies.”

CANT. ii 16.

Where lovely grow the lilies low,
 Fragrant as morn, and pure as snow,
 There does he love to feed, and there
 Will He, the lovely*, oft repair.

* Cant. v. 16.

There, is His presence oft'ner met,
Than e'en on holy Olivet;
Tho' Tabor, brighter fame may bear,
Yet more the Lord delights him there.

Who do these lilies typify?
They who are dear in Jesu's eye :
(The little, lowly flock, that share
His, the good Shepherd's, watchful care.)

'Twas He that made them lovely grow,
Inclosed* in flowery valley low ;
That clad in snowy vestment fair,
And bade them breathe out balmy air.

Nor always in that vale they grew ;
From grosser soil their root they drew ;
'Till from their native bank so bare,
By Him removed to blossom there.

This hallow'd vale is said to lie
Close to the foot of Calvary,
And verdure ever fresh to wear,
Fed by the fount He open'd there.

* Cant. iv. 12.

O'ershadow'd by that shelt'ring hill,
 'Mid every storm 'tis tranquil still :
 Saviour, if lips like mine may dare
 To breathe such prayer, transplant me there.

“ What is thy beloved more than another beloved ? ”
 CANT. v. 9.

What is He? More than tongue can speak
 Might well my only answer be ;
 For figures fail, and words are weak,
 To utter what He is to me :
 To me, his precious love is more
 Than mines of wealth and golden store.

He is the Father of my breath,*
 The Brother that my burden bears,
 His, is the love, more strong than death,†
 That all my pain and sorrow shares :
 Than other love, His love is more ;
 As, than the coin, the massive ore.

From others, if I turn away,
 With pride they swell, with anger burn ;
 But when from Him I wand'ring stray,
 He waits and hastens my return :
 His love, than other love, is more ;
 As, than the grain of sand, the shore ;

* John v. 21.

† Cant. viii. 6.

“ Forasmuch as this people refuseth the waters of Shiloah that go softly,” &c. (and four following verses.)

ISAIAH viii. 6.

The Lord will the people condemn,
His Prophet has uttered a woe
To those, who the waters contemn,
Of Shiloah, that silently flow.

As the stream, that the Syrian despised—
Despised, till its virtues were tried,
Excels the proud rivers he prized,
So, Shiloah's, all waters beside.

Its waves, tho' so softly they roll,
Nor swell in tumultuous strife,
From death, both deliver the soul,
And nourish it up unto life.

Then well may the Prophet condemn
The people this stream that refuse ;
And the Lord shall bring up against them
The waters, that blindly they chuse.

Assyria shall come like a flood,
Shall come, with the flower of his realm,
Shall deluge their vallies with blood,
Their banks and their borders o'erwhelm.

Take courage, ye people and kings ;
 And speak, but your word shall not stand ;
 For the spread of the enemy's wings
 Shall fill up the breadth of your land.

“ Thou hast multiplied the nation, and not increased the joy.”
 ISAIAH ix. 3.

When, as in the modern day,
 To the temple crowds resort,
 In self-confident array,
 And possess the outer court.

When Humility dismay'd,
 Flies the loud professor's din,
 And the church is nigh betray'd
 By a world her pale within.

When the praises of the Lord
 Dwell on many a heedless tongue,
 And when Zion's trembling chord
 Oft by stranger-hands is strung.

Then, alas ! our hearts must tell
 He most falsely would cry peace,*
 Who should say, while numbers swell,
 That our joys alike increase.

* Jer. vi. 14.

No—and heavy go the saints
 By the enemy oppress'd : *
 Hear, O Lord, their just complaints,
 Be thy church's wrongs redress'd !

Bid all false profession cease,
 And bring them that held it nigh !
 So the nation shall increase,
 While the joy shall multiply.

“ He stayeth the rough wind in the day of the east wind.”
 ISAIAH xxvii. 8.

The tree that stands on mountain high,
 (Wont to the eastern gale to bend,)
 Unmov'd remains, while tempests fly,
 While that which dwells where zephyrs sigh
 Alone was heard, their force shall rend.

And when, as in the eastern blast,
 The pilgrim long hath walked in woe,
 The sudden gust, athwart that past,
 At which another stands aghast,
 Lightly o'er him shall seem to blow.

* Psa. xliii. 2.

Thus, O my soul, though God should lay
 Some sharp, enduring, grief on thee,
 Yet, in that east wind's dreary day
 He rougher winds, will, temp'ring stay,
 And from the storm thy covert be!

"There the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." ISAIAH xxxiii. 21.

When the regen'rate soul is taught
 From self to cease,* to Christ to flee;
 Peace to the stricken conscience brought,
 The spirit, by the truth made free.†

Then Christ unlocks his fount of grace
 O'er nature's waste its streams to pour,
 And spread, of rivers broad a place,
 That softly roll tow'rd Canaan's shore.

Borne on their gentle wave, embark
 For happier climes, his sons from far;
 Their light, when all beside grows dark,
 Their guiding radiance, Bethlehem's star.

* Isa. ii. 22.

† John viii. 32.

No oar, upon those tranquil tides
Shall self-confiding, lab'ring ply ;
Nor gallant ship, that proudly rides
With many a streamer flaunt thereby.

For there, each ship and shallop, bear
But the white flag the cross that shows,
And wait the Spirit's fav'ring air,
That wind, that where it listeth, blows.*

The lightest bark can make no way,
(Nor shall the oar its course propel,)
And humbly must the loftiest stay,
Till heaven's own breath the canvas swell.

Reason may at the helm preside,
And warm Devotion crowd the sail ;
The ship may seem to skim the tide,
But stirs not, till it meet that gale.

Then Spirit blest ! thine aid bestow,
Thy zephyrs breathe, our sheets to fill ;
Whether from heaven they softly blow,
Or moaning sigh off Calvary's hill :

Spirit divine ! then lend thy wing,
That scatters odour as it flies ;
Whether of Gilead's balm it bring,
Or shed the fragrance of the skies :

* John iii. 8.

And waft us, where, in union sweet
 These streams of grace that roll below,
 The "rivers of thy pleasures" meet,
 Commingling meet, in ceaseless flow!

"What are these wounds in thine hands?—Those with which I was
 wounded in the house of my friends." ZECH. xiii. 6.

Come ye who know, and love to trace,
 Dispensed along the sacred page
 The living streams of plenteous grace,
 That flow from age to age.

O come ye near, and rev'rent view
 (And may the sight our hard hearts break!)
 The grief, the shame, the Saviour knew,
 And suffered for our sake.

When Christ forsook his Father's throne,
 His way with peace and blessing fraught,
 To bring salvation to his own,
 His own received Him not.

O'erspread with thorns, and strewn with woes,
 See where his path tow'rd Calvary wends!
 Wounded and lifted up by those
 Esteem'd Messiah's friends.

Behold him rise o'er Bethany,
 A heavenly host around him stands ;
 " What are those wounds " the seraphs cry,
 " That pierce thy sacred hands ? "

" This is the print the nail hath cleft,
 And these the wounds a people gave,
 Whom, to befriend, these heavens I left,
 And shed my blood to save. "

Thus, like the Jews, though rent the veil,
 That dim'd to them his dawning day,
 There are, who, while they bid Him hail
 Their Master still betray.

Vainly they boast a name to live,*
 And e'en a form of faith maintain,
 Who ne'er his quick'ning power receive,
 Nor will that He should reign. †

Saviour, renew our hearts of stone,
 Breathe on the rocks, and speak them flesh !
 Lest in our life we thee disown
 Thee crucify afresh. †

And while we call upon thy name,
 O grant the aid thy Spirit lends,
 Or we shall put thee, Lord, to shame,
 Yet call ourselves thy friends !

* Rev. iii. 1.

† Luke xix. 14.

† Heb. vi. 6.

“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you,”
&c. MATT. ii. 28, 29.

Lord, for this call of boundless grace
Our feeble praise receive,
And may each wanderer seek thy face,
Return, repent, and live !

“ Come unto me,” the Saviour cries,
“ All ye with sin oppress’d ;
“ O turn on me, believing eyes,
“ And I will give you rest.

“ Bow to my yoke, and learn of me :
“ Let not that yoke affright ;
“ For tho’ the will rebellious be,
“ Yet love shall make it light.

“ And sharing thus your Saviour’s cross,
“ With his submission blest ;
“ Your souls, refin’d from earthly dross,
“ Shall know celestial rest.

“ ’Tis not the yoke that makes the gale,
“ But striving ’gainst its sway” —
Help us, O Lord, to hear thy call
And hearing, to obey !

“ An evil generation seeketh after a sign.”
MATT. xii. 39.

The Jews, Messiah's day expecting,
 Glorious in outward pomp to shine,
 The Saviour's lowliness rejecting
 Receiv'd Him not, but sought a sign.

Nor deem'd that in that humble station,
 The Lord His righteous branch * would raise ;
 Nor saw in Jesus God's salvation,
 The Gentiles' light—His people's praise.

They sought a sign, a sovereign bringing
 The power and wealth of kings below ;
 Nor deem'd in Bethlehem's valley springing,
 This Plant of blest renown † should grow.

Thus, like the Jews in sacred story,
 How oft the soul mistakes its part,
 Nor welcomes, as its hope of glory, †
 The Saviour to the inmost heart.

The lowly Visitant despising,
 Hails not His light, the one, the true ; §
 For ah! the brightness of His rising
 The eye of faith alone can view.

* Jer. xxiii. 5.

† Ezek. xxxiv. 29.

‡ Col. i. 27.

§ John i. 9.

Yet, Lord, we lowly bend, beseeching
 That Thou to us art come, one sign :
 A heart that knows thy Spirit's teaching
 A life and walk resembling Thine !

“ But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not,
 to come unto me : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”
 MATT. xix. 14.

His followers thus the Lord address'd :
 “ Suffer the babes to come to me ;”
 And e'en declared His kingdom blest
 Of such to be.

Though Sin's entail on Adam's race,
 Their race a prey to wrath, had made,
 Yet full redemption through His grace
 His blood has paid.

And baptiz'd by His sprinkling hand,
 The curse, they ne'er incurr'd, unbound,
 Ceaseless, their angels circling stand
 His throne around.*

There shall we wing our happy way,
 And join them from earth's shackles free,
 If simple, teachable as they,
 Our spirits be.

* Matt. xviii. 10.

“ And there were also with him other little ships.”
MARK iv. 36.

As through the fields of sacred lore,
Those boundless fields, our footsteps stray,
We oft may find a honied store
In every flower that strews the way.

And as the bee supplies his hoard
From many a bloom that shuns the view,
So—search may gain its rich reward
E'en where we thought no flow'ret grew.

When Jesus, on the swelling tide,
Launched from the crowd that throng'd the shore,
Other light barks accompanied
The favour'd ship, the Lord that bore.

Thus, if His special presence own
One, 'mid the tribes that Israel's be,
'Tis not to that confined alone ;
The rest are all in company.

All, to the Lord alike belong,
While borne on Time's tumultuous wave,
A fleet prepared—a squadron strong—
The storm to meet, the foe to brave.

And thus, 'mongst Christians, tho' His face
 On the blest few less veil'd may shine,
 The waiting soul, the babe in grace,
 Is not the less, Redeemer, thine !

Light tho' the bark, it sails with thee,
 Does of thy fleet a part compose,
 Associate with thy company
 Thy convoy shares—thy colour shows.

Hence, thou my soul, the good may'st learn
 Of Christian concord's holy tie ;
 And, most of all, may'st hence discern
 How blest, to be to Jesus nigh !

For if, ere the loud gale abates,
 Thy canvas split, thy mast be gone,
 Some friendly sail, on Him that waits,
 Shall lend its aid, and tow thee on.

While wind and storm His word fulfil,*
 Thou fear'st not, anchor'd at His side ;
 And when He bids the waves be still, †
 Thy little bark shall bravely ride.

If break His voice, the breeze's rest,
 Thy sail shall catch their waking sigh ;
 Or, if He tread the billow's crest,
 He'll whisper Peace ! in passing by. †

* Psal. cxlviii. 8. † Mark iv. 39. † Mark vi. xlviii.

And when o'er Time's tempestuous tide
 His care has brought thee, then for thee
 A place of streams and rivers wide,
 The Lord, the glorious Lord, shall be !

“The law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.”
 JOHN i. 17.

The law by Moses' hand was given,
 But grace and truth by Jesus came ;
 Their holy radiance fell from heaven
 To rest upon the Saviour's name.

The scheme of rescuing ruin'd man,
 His grace and truth, once pledged, fulfil :
 And our salvation's wond'rous plan
 He sealed on Calvary's awful hill.

Through Him, we dare our God address,
 His blood our all-prevailing plea,
 He clothes us in His righteousness,
 And with his truth he makes us free.*

Saved from the terrors of the law,
 He leads the rebels to their King ;
 And bids them from His fulness draw †
 That grace and truth he came to bring.

* John viii. 32.

† John i. 16.

For this, shall praises rise to heaven,
 Shall sacred love our hearts inflame,
 "By Moses," while "the Law was given,
 That "grace and truth by Jesus came."

"And (Jesus) said unto them that sold doves, Take these things hence."
 JOHN ii. 16.

When Jesus to the heart draws nigh,
 That temple prone to purify,
 To purge its floor intent;
 'Tis not the sordid lusts alone
 That are by Him to be o'erthrown,
 But those more innocent.

The doves, not less than grosser wares,
 A profanation he declares,
 And banishes the shrine:
 Such are the word and doom that wait
 All human love inordinate
 In place of love divine.

“ Jesus wept.” JOHN ii. 25.

When Lazarus in the tomb was laid,
The dust to kindred dust convey'd,
While mourning o'er the grave was made :

The mournful tidings swiftly spread,
And many a sorrowing tear was shed ;
Meet tribute to the pious dead.

Nor to Judea, the news was kept,
O'er Jordan borne, that Lazarus slept,
It reach'd the Lord, and “ Jesus wept.”

If He whose life our rule displays,
Wept for the corpse 'twas his to raise,
This kindly lore his tear conveys ;

That grace, while yet it bids subdue
Repining's voice, and chides it too,
Checks not the tear to nature due.

Ye, in whose hearts hath Feeling slept,
From virtues, who her name except,
O learn of Him, his friend that wept !

“ He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.”
JOHN xiv. 9.

If in the Spirit's hallow'd light,
 Our souls have view'd the Son aright,
 Alike the Father's image bright
 Is vision'd in that sacred sight.
 In Him th' anointed eye can see
 The fulness of the Deity,*
 Tenant divine of human clod,
 Fashion of man,† and form of God. †
 Arise and shine, O heavenly light!
 Help us to view the Lord aright;
 For that blest sight shall chase our night
 In dawning of the day-spring bright!

“ To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually
 minded is life and peace.” ROM. viii. 6.

How oft will doubt and fear arise
 E'en in the soul redeem'd and free;
 For clouds will fly o'er brightest skies,
 And breezes swell the calmest sea.

* Col. ii. 9. † Phil. ii. 8. † Phil. ii. 6.

Yet, all their safety's test may find,
For thus has heaven supplied the rule;
" While sows to death the carnal mind,
To life and peace the spiritual."

As, from the cloud, the snow-wreath driven,
Guards the frail flower from wintry blight;
So falls from heaven, by Jesus given,
To wrap the soul, His robe of white.

Nor spiritual, the mind can be,
Till in this stainless garment drest;
This, then, the test my soul for thee,
Say, dost thou wear this snowy vest?

If Christ to thee this raiment give,
Into his nature thine shall grow;
And every grace shall bud, and live,
As springs the flower beneath the snow.

And may this test become th' appeal
From names and creeds, of doubt-tost souls,
Its answer a sure hope reveal,
Tho' round a sea of notions rolls.

Hide, Lord, from harm, thy garden hide!
For winds of doctrine o'er it blow,
Charged with the blight of judging pride,
O shield it with thy robe of snow!

" They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them :
and that Rock was Christ." 1 COR. x. 4.

When, in Israel's sore distress,
Parch'd amid the wilderness,
Moses smote, and bade the Rock
Give its waters at the shock ;
Then no more their spirits sank,
All its streams refreshing drank,
And therein the emblem read
Of the Rock, that riven, bled.

Christ, who bore his people's guilt,
Rock on which the church is built :
Not alone His pierced side
Water pour'd, a cleansing tide ;
But dispensed the plenteous flood
Of His justifying blood :
This is He, the Lord his name,
Who by blood and water came.*

We, like Israel, here below,
Journey thro' a waste of woe :
Lord, when low our spirits sink,
Give us of this Rock to drink !
Give the heavenly bread we need,
For that bread is meat indeed. †
Living Rock, our shadow stand
In a parch'd and weary land ! †

* 1 John v. 8. † John vi. 55. † Isaiah xxxii. 2.

“ And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three.”
1-COR. xiii. 13.

Though human Hope, fondly, was once at my side,
To cheer my rough journey, yet swiftly she flew ;
For adversity's blast snatch'd her garland of pride,
And she left me to seek it, or weave it anew.

Then long, in despondence, I wandered alone,
Till a heavenly maid, two bright damsels between,
Approach'd me with smiles, and I mark'd that her zone
Entwin'd with their girdles its glittering sheen.

She said, she was Faith, as she came to my side,
And divine Hope, and Love, were the sisters she led ;
That Love would attend me, while she was my guide,
And Hope should console for the hope that was fled.

That she, as the elder, would convoy my way
To that heaven where protection was sure and complete,
Where Hope, turn'd to Happiness, with me should stay,
And Love lead me prone to my Saviour's feet.

“ The law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ.”
GAL. iii. 24.

When once our quicken'd hearts begin
 To trace the law's extent within,
 How does the sight convince of sin,
 And teach the humbled soul,
 That, reaching e'en to word and thought,
 Naught its unsparing claim can blot,
 But an obedience sinless wrought
 A pure and perfect whole!

How show in all our works a flaw,
 Reveal throughout a broken law,
 And thus to Christ the Saviour draw
 Our eyes too long so dim,
 Who did for us its curse endure,
 For us its full release procure
 By an obedience spotless, pure,
 And only found in Him.

He would to all its fruits diffuse ;
 Which those who scorn, shall scorning, lose ;
 For oh ! if they who dared refuse
 Him that from earth was given ; *
 Who brought that law, a doom severe,
 Shall meet, and where must we appear,
 If Him we slight, who brings us near
 This gospel-gift from heaven ?

* Heb. xii. 25.

" A name which is above every name."
PHIL. ii. 9.

Jesus! in thy dear name we trace
All power and might, and peace and love;
A name of truth, a name of grace,
A name all other names above!
At that exalted name shall bow*
In thy great day each stubborn knee,
And every tongue that mocks thee now,
Shall in that day confess to thee.

Confess thee Lord, this wond'rous frame,
Earth, sea, and sky, whose finger wrought; †
Confess thy name, the only name,
With saving health and healing fraught:
Confess thee great and glorious then,
When earth and heaven in ruin hurl'd,
The Lord who deign'd to dwell with men
In clouds, shall come to judge the world. †

And oh! e'en now, thy church has learn'd,
To thee, while fain from wrath to flee,
That God, her King, is ne'er discern'd
In all his beauty, save in Thee: §

* Phil. ii. 10.

† Heb. i. 2.

‡ Matt. xxiv. 30.

§ Isa. xxxiii. 17.

For her, all earth smiles in thy light,
 If radiant break the prosp'rous morn;
 She finds thee, dark, if fall the night,
 A brother for affliction born.*

Alike in gladness as distress,
 Art thou her hope, her strength, and song;†
 While thee she owns all loveliness,
 And tens of thousands, chief among.‡
 More sweet thy name than music, sent
 From heavenly harps, to breathe around;
 Than seraph's tongue, more eloquent.
 To those who know its joyful sound.§

As balm, that name is poured forth,
 Therefore the virgins love thee well;||
 (The spirits, that redeem'd from earth,
 With thee in heavenly places dwell.)
 Partner of flesh, thro' mercy's plan,
 Alike thine hand, and only thine,
 Draws with the strong cords of a man,¶
 And the firm bands of love divine.

O draw us with these forceful ties!
 Our hearts shall own their blended claim;
 And love, the place of fear, supplies,
 When God assumes Immanuel's name.

* Prov. xvii. 17. † Psal. cxviii. 14. ‡ Cant. v. 10.
 § Psal. lxxxix. 15. || Cant. i. 3. ¶ Hos. xi. 4.

Then dear that name, whose impress set
 Upon the heart, all harm repels;
 That mystic sacred amulet
 That guards the soul with kindly spells.

And fraught with virtue, mightier still,
 When wafted on the whisp'ring gale,
 That solemn breathes from Calvary's hill,
 And tells in sighs its awful tale:
 Yet oh! most dear, when heard above,
 Hymn'd by the blest in heavenly strain,
 The strain of praise to Him we love—
 "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain."*

"God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

1 THESS. v. 9.

When darkness o'er our path may close,
 Or doubt our heaven-ward way oppose,
 Or fierce assault of restless foes,
 Here, may our tempted souls repose:
 That God, who bade yon sun to glow,
 Mountains to rise, and seas to flow,
 Did, e'en His well-lov'd Son bestow,
 To ransom man from thrall and woe.

* Rev. v. 12.

O thou, whose wounded spirit knows,
Deep conflict with its deadly foes
Desertion's cloud, temptation's woes :
Here, let thy wearied soul repose !

“ Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness.”
1 TIM. iii. 16.

While some the paths would try
By mortal foot untrod,
Would pierce the cloud of mystery,
That wraps the throne of God.

And trusting to the aid
Of Reason's feeble wing,
Would soar above the hallow'd shade
Of Revelation's spring.

Lord, thou hast taught my soul
To take an humbler course,
And bless the waters, as they roll,
Tho' veil'd their sacred source.

Nor seek with finite skill
Their utmost depth to know ;
But thankful taste the living rill
That cheers this waste below.

And wait thy Spirit's power
To fledge with heavenly plume,
Which thro' that cloud may safely tower,
And pierce that mystic gloom.

To clear Faith's opening sight,
Whose eagle eye alone
Can stedfast view the glorious light
That meets around thy throne.

“ Looking unto Jesus.” **HEB. xii. 2.**

Who hath on Nature's beauties dwelt,
And, rude of heart, passed coldly by?
Nor yet the power of genius felt,
When Grecian art hath met his eye?
Who, art or nature can admire,
Nor of their spirit catch the fire?

So help me, Lord, on thee to gaze,
Till of thy quick'ning power I know,
To dwell within thy glory's rays,
Till in their light my spirit glow,
And prove, that thus to look on thee,
Is hope, and joy, and ecstasy!

Oft let me thus my gaze renew,
 And oft with holy ardour burn,
 Till all my nature, in the view
 Into thine image changing, turn : *
 Thus ponder all thy graces o'er,
 Till, loving much, I love thee more !

“ Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth
 every son whom he receiveth.”

HEB. xii. 6.

In the furnace † of trial, the Lord will chastise
 The son he receives, that is dear in His eyes ;
 While loos'd in the flame, his impurities rise
 In vapour, upon the winds driven ;
 There, melt all his fetters to earth that restrain,
 There, lose their base dross, to be moulded again
 In links that may twine in a holier chain
 To bind and attract him to heaven.

And oft he sees one “ in the midst of the fire,”
 Whose name, or whose purpose, he need not inquire,
 For His form is of God, † and He comes to inspire
 That hope, which the sufferer stays,

* 2 Cor. iii. 18. † Isa. i. 25. † Phil. ii. 6. and Dau. iii. 25.

To whisper, that soon for the sake of his name,
 Shall God from the furnace, his suppliant reclaim,
 When neither the scent,* nor the hue, of the flame
 Shall be found on his garment of praise.†

“ Our God is a consuming fire.” **HEB. xii. 29.**

When, as before the wind, the chaff,
 The guilty from His face shall fly,
 Then will the Lord, avenging laugh,*
 And mock at their calamity :
 And oh ! when like the chaff, consigned
 To burning, quenchless as His ire,
 Then shall the hopeless spirit find
 The God it scorn'd—a flaming fire.

But would'st thou find, in that great day
 When blows his blast, some shelt'ring side,
 Hasten to trace the hallow'd way
 To that blest cross, where Jesus died :
 That cross, e'en in the guiltiest mind,
 Can hope, and peace, and joy inspire ;
 While, to each sin that lurks behind,
 It bears His love's consuming fire.

* Dan. iii. 27. † Isa. lxi. 3. † Prov. i. 26.

And tutor'd thus from wrath to flee,
Meet for that holier world above,
When flies the chaff, thy soul shall be
Lodged in the garner of His love ;
There, gloom no more his saints shall find,
Tho' heavens dissolve, tho' stars expire,
Tho' moons be vanish'd, suns declin'd,
For there, He shines—a glorious fire !

“ What is your life ? ” JAS. iv. 14.

What is your life?—the stream that winds
O'er the wide waste its way of pain,
Then hurried down the rude steep, finds
Its course, along the mighty plain,
Where myriad waters roll along
Banks of perennial flowers among.

Your death?—the pass that dark receives
Adown that steep, each crystal flow
That on the Rock it travers'd, leaves
All that would soil the plain below ;
The Rock that takes its stainful hue,
And heals the waters, passing through.

But, if the stream the rock forsake
For mingling dust, or golden sands,
And wide a devious circuit make
To where its rugged bound'ry stands.
Oh! 'tis the pass, that ne'er again
Shall give to light, that stream of stain!

“ God is love.” 1 JOHN iv. 16.

Let this blest truth each bosom move,
Nature and grace consenting prove
With blended voice, that “ God is love.”

Alke we read it, in the power
That bids the sunshine and the shower
Cheer and revive the drooping flower.

As in the love, that left the skies,
Brought of free grace those rich supplies,
Which raise the soul that fainting lies.

Thou, whom temptation sore may prove,
Thy faith, if whisp'ring doubt would move,
Be this thy watch-word, “ God is love.”

**" May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," &c.
2 COR. xiii. 14.**

**May our dear Lord's abundant grace,
The love of God, that seeks our race,
And Holy Ghost's communion blest
Still on us all for ever rest !**

SECTION II.

HYMNS ON OCCASIONAL SUBJECTS.

“ And Isaac was comforted after his mother’s death.”
GEN. XXIV. 67.

(ON THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY.)

As the full-blown rose, when it wastes away,
 O’er its fair buds droops in dying,
 As the stricken dove, to the shaft a prey,
 ’Mid her nestlings cold is lying :

So fades that friendship, the purest, best,
 That around our hearts was twining;
 So the mother sinks to the long last rest,
 In her children’s arms reclining.

But the God who has rob'd* each fragile flower,
 Without whom, no wing shall waver, †
 Will those children guard, in affliction's hour,
 With the shield of a Father's favour.

“ David perceived that the child was dead.”
 2 Sam. xii. 19.

(ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.)

To a Friend.

Oft hath infant beauty slept,
 Pillow'd on the green earth's bed ;
 Oft the mother's eye hath wept
 For the lovely spirit fled.

While the harp, by friendship strung,
 To the soul hath sweetly spoken,
 And in plaintive warbling, sung
 Solace to the heart that's broken.

Mournful harp ! awake again !
 Breathe thy softest, saddest tone,
 Meet to chase, or soothe the pain
 That a parent's heart hath known.

* Matt. vi. 30. † Matt. x. 29.

But the numbers echo weak
That would reach a theme so dear,
But nor harp, nor voice, can speak
All that claims a mother's tear.

Yet may e'en a mother's eye,
Rais'd by faith the world above,
In each providence descry
E'en in this, the hand of love.

See the bud so rudely torn,
Blooming in the land of rest;
See the lamb from suffering borne,
Resting in the Shepherd's breast.*

Thus the spirit, taught of heaven,
E'en in woe can faith upraise;
Thus the strain to sorrow given,
Mingles with the notes of praise.

* Isa. xl. 11.

“ Who redemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee
with loving kindness and tender mercies.”

PSAL. ciii. 4.

(ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.)

Shall the parch'd cowslip lift its head
To bless the shower that saves from death,
Or evening's primrose fragrant spread,
Swept by her grateful breath ;

And I no thankful tribute pay,
When love divine my prayer attends,
Chases my fears and pains away,
And peace and healing sends ?

Blest be that love that calms my fears!
No more I think my Father frowns ;
Who now, with “ loving kindness ” cheers,
With “ tender mercies ” crowns.

“ Unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”

Isa. ix. 6.

(FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.)

Tho' winter chills each breath of heaven,
 Yet shines the day—yet smiles the morn—
 Day, when to us “ a Son is given,”
 “ A Child is born.”

And tho' our hearts be wintry too,
 His love shall light them up to-day,
 As sparkles, thro' the frozen dew,
 The solar ray.

Yes, 'tis a day the Lord hath made,*
 And while its joy, our bosoms share,
 O be it on his shoulder laid,
 To govern there!

There, when his wondrous counsel guides,
 He, mighty, bids our sins to cease—
 The Father, that our all provides
 The Prince of peace.

* Psal. cxviii. 24.

To-day, and every day, that here
Thou giv'st us, Lord, we thus would pray :
And still, thro' heaven's eternal year
Be thine the sway !

“ The sun shall be darkened.” Isa. xiii. 10,

(ON AN ECLIPSE.)

Eclips'd, the sun in darkness lies,
And sheds a lurid gleam,
Shrouded his light from sorrowing skies,
And shorn his lucid beam.

O'erclouds each brow, and sinks awhile
Each heart's exulting play,
Till flaming forth, again he smile,
And pour a brighter day.

Faint emblem of the soul's distress,
When from her sorrowing eye,
Retreats the Sun of Righteousness
Beneath the mental sky :

Reigns boding stillness, as of death,
And dark, as of the tomb,
Nor fans his wing one healing breath
Amid the sultry gloom.

Then sinks the soul, and cries aghast,
While all its hopes are flown,
" O that I were as in months past,
" As when thy candle shone !" *

Does Reason's orb, a dim opaque,
Save by that sun illum'd,
Stealing between, the darkness make,
That has his light entomb'd ?

Or does a lower, grosser sphere,
(That, in its orbit's way,
Bright in his splendour would appear)
Intrusive, hide his ray ?

Each cloud, that late his beaming broke
In streams of cheering light,
Now lowers, as tho' a curse had spoke
Their glories into night.

Arise, O Lord, to chase at length
Th' intrusive orb away !
Break forth, bright sun, in all thy strength,
And pour the perfect day !

* Job xxix. 3.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of
the firmament." DAN. xii. 3.

(ON THE SPIRITUAL FIRMAMENT.)

To a Friend.

As late, at evening's hour I stray'd,
To breathe her zephyr cool and clear,
Sooth'd 'mid the calm and grateful shade
I felt, my friend, thy spirit near :
And as I watch'd those orbs of light
That rose to smile o'er nature's rest,
Methought that pure and hallow'd sight
Might well this silent prayer suggest :
So may our souls, thro' heavenly love,
When from these clods of earth they sever,
Shine in that firmament above,
Whose lovelier lights shall glow for ever ;
In brighter orbits there to run,
Our God that system's glorious sun!

“ The depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped
about my head.” JONAH ii. 5.

(ON A YOUTH DROWNED.)

Though the lov'd youth our hearts deplore,
Tenants too soon, his early grave
Sinks, here to us, to rise no more
Beneath the wave.

Yet hope our mourning souls shall cheer,
The storm of doubt and murm'ring brave,
Since bright, tho' brief, his short career
Sweet promise gave,

That he had known a Saviour's blood,
Of power from wrath, from sin to save,
And frequent found that sacred flood
A healing wave.

This knowledge, Lord, this better part
Be ours, nor his alone, we crave !
And on the tablet of our heart
Thy name engrave !

So shall we gain that realm, whose shore
The “ rivers of thy pleasures ” lave,
And meet him there, arriv'd before
Risen from the wave !

“ And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men
unto me.”

JOHN xii. 32.

(FOR GOOD FRIDAY.)

The serpent, raised *—an emblem blest,
The off'ring, wav'd from east to west,
Lifted from south to north,—express'd,
And with no doubtful sign,
That He, for whom we count as dross, †
Each gift of earth, and deem but loss,
Should die the death, e'en of the cross, ‡
For all of Adam's line.

The coldest breast, such scheme might move,
Perform'd below, but plann'd above.
Stupendous grace! surpassing love!
Full love! and grace so free!
Thus, Lord, by types 'twas shadow'd forth
That thou should'st draw from south and north,
Thy daughters from the ends of earth,
And sons from far, § to thee!

Shrouded in night lay Juda's hill—
Sullen and slow ran Kedron's rill—
(While boding clouds their dews distil)
When Christ the garden trod:

* John iii. 14. † Phil. iii. 8. ‡ Phil. ii. 8. § Isa. xliii. 6.

Ah! garden of Gethsemane!
 With interest fraught, that ne'er could be
 Elysian bowers, for there, for me
 For man, was bruised my God!

The traitor comes; (swift as the winds
 The slumb'ers fled) his Lord he binds,
 Up Calvary's steep His way he winds,
 And pants His blood to shed;
 Till, lifted up, a world to draw,
 "The travail of his soul He saw"*—
 Finish'd the work—fulfill'd the law—
 And bow'd His gracious head!

Then was fulfill'd the word He spoke:
 The rocks are riv'n—the heart is broke—
 The veil is rent—the lance's stroke
 Taught, when it pierc'd His side,
 That heart "a new and living way;"
 Gives blood, its ransom free to pay,
 Water to wash its stain away,
 Redeem'd and sanctified!

* Isa. liii. 11.

“ I know whom I have believed.” 2 TIM. I. 12.

(THE CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL TO A SCEPTICAL
FRIEND.)

Farewell—yet ere that word of woe
From me to thee, shall sadly flow,
 Forgive me, if I pause ;
The thoughts, that fill my heart, to tell,
While on that mournful sound, “ Farewell,”
With deepest seriousness I dwell,
 And seek to trace their cause.

'Tis not, that here, perhaps, no more
Again we meet, that bids me pour
 The strain to sorrow given ;
'Tis, that if we can ne'er unite
Our creeds, whiche'er may be the right,
(Could mine be false, *my* loss were light)
 We meet not, e'en in heaven !

I cannot change—am not deceiv'd—
“ I know in whom I have believ'd ”—
 Have prov'd His precious love—
Have seen Him bleeding on the tree—
Have found His pardon full and free—
Have hop'd in Him to raise, e'en me,
 To dwell with Him above.

I cannot change, for power divine
Has so impress'd this heart of mine,
That I, by faith, behold
As clearly as with mortal eye,
His gracious hand upon me lie,
To keep me to his presence nigh,
And fix me in His fold.

Then let me ask once more, (tho' free
My speech, for which I can but plea
That love, He sheds abroad)
—Ask thee to seek His Spirit too,
Which shall in Him thy soul renew,
And clearly open to its view
The mysteries of God.

Farewell then, and again farewell !
Ah ! could my pen but faintly tell
The strength of Christian love,
Some test of truth, it well might be,
Oh ! come thyself, come taste and see*
A Saviour's love, and then may we
Yet meet with joy above !

* Psal. xxxiv. 8.

“ Teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God.”
PSAL. cxliii. 10.

(A SHORT PRAYER.)

Teach me, my God, to do thy will!
My Saviour, in thy Son, to see!
And let thy Holy Spirit still
Help me to live alone to Thee!

SECTION III.

HYMNS FOR THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

“ Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”
MA1. v. 5.

BLEST are the heirs of heaven and earth,
Blest is the lowly soul !
Born of the Spirit's holy birth,
Bent to His pure controul.

For in the roll of truth unfurl'd,
The meek, for them, may view
The promise of the present world,
And of the future too.

This Christian grace alone is wrought
 By Christ's transforming might,
 Meekness of wisdom,* meekness taught,
 By keeping Him in sight.

For to His yoke, the meek can bow,
 His cross of shame sustain,
 And soon shall these, who suffer now
 With Jesus, with Him reign. †

Nor in that holier world alone
 An heritage they share,
 For heaven-born peace hath lib'ral strewn
 With flowers, their path of care.

Tho' oft by men, as weakness scorn'd
 This virtue be despised,
 The spirit by its grace adorn'd
 With God, is "greatly prized." †

Lord, thou wilt teach the meek thy way,
 The meek in judgment guide; §
 This meekness then of thee we pray,
 Nor be our prayer denied!

* Jas. iii. 13.

† 2 Tim. ii. 12.

‡ 1 Pet. iii. 4.

§ Psal. xxv. 9.

" Freely ye have received, freely give."
MAT. x. 8.

Tho' meetly* may these words address
 Those who a temp'ral store possess;
 Yet, chief their import we define
 As relative to gifts divine.

And plainly do they teach, how free
 Should be a christian ministry,
 Thro' whose pure channel lib'ral flows
 The varied treasure God bestows.

But while we draw this inference hence,
 We would to none impart offence;
 For many (as we gladly own)
 The office chuse, from zeal alone.

Yet must we deem it clearly said,
 That to His Church, Christ is sole head; *
 He Bishop† of our souls to be,
 And He our Priest, our Prophet He:

'Tis His alone to qualify
 The instrument meet in His eye;
 And only His, to prompt the word
 Through it to be with profit heard.

* Eph. v. 23.

† 1 Pet. ii. 25.

In sex, He knows distinction none ;
 " Female and male in Him are one :"
 And oft hath heavenly counsel hung
 With happiest force, on woman's tongue.

Then, Lord, preserve a ministry
 That humbly, closely, waits on thee !
 And what, from thee, it thus receives
 Both faithfully and freely gives !

" So the last shall be first, and the first last : for many be called, but few chosen." MAT. XX. 16.

Though wide the Spirit's call,
 For such the Father's pleasure,
 Tho' Christ imparts to all
 Of light* and grace a measure ;

Yet few this call obey,
 Few chuse, and few are chosen ;
 For slighted gifts decay
 As stagnant lakes are frozen.

Those who in days long past
 Press'd first for their high calling, †
 Have prov'd, too oft, the last,
 From grace, backsliding, falling ;

* John i. 9.

† Phil. 3. 14.

While those who last have seem'd
The vineyard's work delaying,
Shall first at length be deem'd,
When comes the day of paying.

Our praises, Lord, accept,
For thy free invitation!
Tho' some, alas! neglect
So full, so great salvation :

We thank thee, that each heart
The one true light hath lighted,*
Thus justified thou art,
Tho' oft that light be slighted.

While thee, ourselves we bless,
Thee, plead before thy Father,
We love thee not the less,
That thou wouldst all men gather :

Oh, help us to embrace
This pitying call of heaven,
Which, in thy plenteous grace,
Wide as the world is giv'n !

* John i. 9.

" My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."
LUKE i. 47.

God, my Saviour, and my song,
Glad, my spirit joys in Thee!—
All my powers to Thee belong,
Who thy blood hast shed for me!

Help me, Lord, alike to raise
With my voice, my thoughts above,
Whilst I sing, in simplest lays,
Thy redeeming, dying love!

When thou lead'st me to thy cross,
Mak'st me all my guilt to see,
Then the world I count as loss,
And but ask, a part in thee.

Fix these feelings in my heart;
Gently fan the kindling flame;
And a lively faith impart,
Fruitful to thy sacred name!

When thy grace, as gentle rain,
On my soul descends, to bless;
Language fails, and words in vain
Would my love, my joy, express.

Silence, then, my praise shall be,—
 Silence, fruit of feeling strong,
 While my spirit joys in thee,
 God, my Saviour, and my song!

“ Then said one unto Him, Lord, are there few that be saved? And he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able,” (and following verse.)
 LUKE xiii. 24.

These words, tho' reproof they may speak,
 Should dwell on the heart's fleshly table,
 To teach us, this entrance to seek,
 Thro' Him, who alone can enable.

In the robe of self-righteousness, some
 Would trust, like the trusters in Babel;
 But all, in this garment, who come,
 May strive, but shall not be able.

While others, content to receive
 The “ life hid* with Christ” as a fable,
 With a name, and a notion, to live †
 Would strive, but they shall not be able.

* Col. iii. 3.

† Rev. iii. 3.

More closely, this scripture applies
 To all, who unstedfast, unstable,
 Their "day* of salvation" despise,
 And past it, alas! are unable.

Now, treachery to Christ they deplore,
 In His kingdom, would sit at His table,
 But the Master once risen, the door
 Once shut, they shall never be able.

But those, who the Saviour have known,
 The hope of their souls, sure and stable,
 In His name, in His strength, strive alone,
 And the Spirit declares shall be able.†

"This do in remembrance of me."

LUKE xxii. 19.

To the twelve, when Jesus brake
 Ritual bread at evening board,—
 Do ye this, 'twas thus He spake,
 In remembrance of your Lord.

And His followers all obey
 This their Saviour's last command,
 Tho' they vary in the way,
 That its sense they understand.

* 2 Cor. vi. 2.

† Phil. iv. 13.

While the form which then was known
 Most, would, as its end, declare ;
 Some believe, it bids alone
 Jesus on the heart to bear :

Those, the use of wine and bread
 Own'd by Him, its sense define ;
 These, to share in Christ their head,*
 Of his hidden life divine.

Him, to hold in memory sweet,
 (Now their risen Lord above,)
 Chief when Christian brethren meet
 At the social feast of love.

And while such, its force maintain,
 Need, they turn, the path retrace
 To the "elements" again,
 Which in Moses' law had place?

No—nor would they judge the rest;
 For who dare their faith reprove,
 Who in Christ, as fruits attest,
 Spiritually live and move.†

Thus, dear Lord, in all we think,
 Say, or do, or feel, or see,—
 When we eat, or when we drink,
 Help us to remember Thee !

* Eph. v. 23.

† Acts xvii. 28.

"God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him, must worship Him, in spirit and in truth."

JOHN iv. 24.

Teach us, dear Lord, aright to know
That humbling silence of "all flesh,"
Wherein thy streams of virtue flow,
To cleanse our hearts afresh.

For while this silence spreads around,
The soul to strengthen and prepare,
It wings its way o'er holy ground.
And gains the place of prayer.

Nor, fix'd by bounds of place or time,
To stated walls can be confin'd
This worship, simple, yet sublime,
This silence of the mind:

For tho' beset with many a sin,
Our wearied souls, may oft retire,
The temple of the heart within,
To trim its altar-fire;

And lay our humble offering there,
Which Thou, O God, wilt not despise! *
The broken spirit's feeble prayer.
Its contrite sacrifice.

* Psa. li. 17.

Do Thou this temple purify !
Come with thy fan to purge the floor, †
To bid each lingering idol fly,
Fly, to return no more.

So shall we strength, receive anew,
A Saviour's name, in all His ways,
Of mercy, and of judgment too,
In " soul and truth " to praise.

And, e'en in this frail house of clay,
Walk in his light, and taste his love,
And joyous hail the cloudless day
That gilds his house above.

" If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."
JOHN xiii. 8.

Lord, since defiled our souls must be,
Since in thy life no part have we,
Save washed and purified by thee ;
O plunge us in the flood !
Not in Damascus' wave of pride,
Nor e'en in Jordan's holier tide,
But, in the sacred fount supplied
By thine atoning blood !

† Mat. iii. 12.

No angel, hov'ring o'er that spring,
 As o'er Bethesda,* stoops to bring
 Healing and health upon his wing—
 For, rob'd in garments dyed,†
 The angel of the cov'nant, there,
 Bids the blest stream His virtue share;
 While angels blush, nor weeping dare
 Behold the crimson tide!

Bathe in this blood, on Calvary shed,
 "Not feet alone, but hands and head,"
 From works, and ordinances dead, †
 It sets the conscience free;
 The mercy-seat it sprinkles wide;
 There, Lord, we plead that Thou hast died,
 Not washed alone, but sanctified, §
 And justified, in Thee!

"Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy,
 and whom He will He hardeneth."

ROM. ix. 18.

This scripture, tho' awful its sound,
 By some a "hard saying" construed, ||
 Less fearful, perhaps may be found,
 When close with its context review'd.

* John v. 4. † Isa. lxiii. 1. † Heb. ix. 14. § 1 Cor. vi. 11.
 ¶ John vi. 60.

Tho' God, neither persons respects,*
 Nor limits His Spirit's descent,†
 Tho' Jesus no suppliant rejects,‡
 But willeth, that all should repent;§

Yet, wisdom divine may see right,
 To wield in the kingdoms below,
 That potent, distinguishing might,
 It wills not, tow'rd persons, to show.

Thus Pharaoh's oppressions, o'errul'd
 At length, to the help of the Jews,
 Effect, that by chastisement school'd,
 The guidance of Moses they chuse.

God's hand, thus, the Christian beholds
 In the rise, and the ruin, of realms;
 For whom He will raise, He upholds,
 And whom He will humble, o'erwhelms.

This *part* of the heart-teaching word,
 Compared and construed with its *whole*,
 No ground of alarm should afford
 To the lowly and contrited soul.

* 1 Pet. i. 17.

† 1 Cor. xii. 7.

‡ John vi. 37.

§ 1 Tim. ii. 4.

Then let not a leaf of the tree,
 Which, perhaps, some variety shows,
 Cause doubt, O believer, to thee,
 That 'tis for thy healing it grows!

Enough—that wherever we look,
 Our Father's compassion we trace;
 Assured in each page of His book
 Of the freeness and fulness of grace!

“ One Lord, one faith, one baptism.”
EPH. iv. 5.

There is one Lord—all own it true—
 There is one faith—so all believe—
 There is one baptism—yet, but few
 This equal truth alike receive.

But not with judging thoughts severe,
 Would we this simple fact proclaim;
 Truth, may to all alike be dear;
 Some we defend, but none we blame.

Say, can this baptism, in our view,
 That does such signal note require,
 Be other than that baptism true,
 Made with the Holy Ghost and fire?*

* Mat. iii. 11.

No; and if this, we then maintain
Either the rite no baptism real;
Or, that there must be baptisms twain,
While these plain words but one reveal.

Nor this alone—'twere quickly shown,
(To contest long were we inclin'd)
That when th' external rite was known,
Typic and transient 'twas design'd.

Yet, in the church's infant state,
Fit that to lead, which was to stay;
As John himself, meetly made strait
The way of Him, that was "the way."

But this we leave, and haste to spring
Contention's thorny bound beyond,
And love to wake that sweeter string
To which all quicken'd hearts respond.

To sing of Him, who trains his own
In charity's celestial school;
Whose "blood of sprinkling" forms alone
The one baptism spiritual!

PART III.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

PRELIMINARY ASCRIPTION.

“ In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.”
GEN. I. 1.

(AIR—Anon.)

Thou, whose creative word,
 Consenting chaos heard,
 While the bright morning * stars made ans'ring harmony
 Thou, who to human-kind
 Gave voice, and ear, and mind ;
 Let mind, and voice, and ear, be consecrate to Thee !

Whether we wreath the chain
 Of music's various strain,
 Or of the flowers of song, the wilding garland twine ;
 Lord ! we would every crown
 Low at thy feet lay down,
 If worthy aught of praise, Jesu ! that praise be thine !

* Job xxxviii. 7.

“Come thou and all thy house into the ark.”
GEN. vii. 1.

(AIR—My Nigra, alas ! is no more.)

When Noah was safe in the sheltering ark,
The clouds gather'd fast, and the even fell dark,
While red sunk the sun in the billow that glow'd
With a blush for his fall as it flow'd.

Then wid'ning, were loosen'd the windows of heaven,
The clouds fell in torrents, by roaring winds driven,
And soon the whole earth, 'neath the waters, was laid ;
Yet none in the ark were dismay'd.

And hast thou, my soul, learnt by faith to embark
In Jesus, the true antitypical ark ?
Then fear not the tempest around and above,
For thou shalt be safe in His love !

“ But the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot.”

GEN. viii. 9.

(AIR—Dites-moi Elise.)

As the dove, wandering forth,
Found not a dwelling,
While o'er each spot of earth
Waters were swelling ;
Till o'er the rolling wave
Welcome appearing,
Rose the green branch that gave
Refuge and cheering.

So, when the waters, fed
By sorrow's fountain,
Wide as our view are spread
O'er plain and mountain;
Far may the spirit flee,
Restless and weary,
(Borne o'er that mantling sea,
Noxious and dreary.)

Nor, tho' in painful flight
 Long it may hover,
 Can it in safety light
 Till it discover,—
 Parting the floods that screen
 Each hope terrestrial—
 Storm-proof, the olive green
 Of peace celestial !

“ Thus his Father wept for him.”

GEN. XXXVII. 27.

(AIR—Fair Rosale.)

When Israel's sons his darling sold,
 To Ishmael's bands a captive made,
 How could the tale of shame be told?
 How to his doating sire convey'd?
 They made with blood his garment red,
 The garment gay that Joseph wore—
 “ And is this coat thy son's?” they said,
 When home the crimson'd vest they bore.

“ It is my son's,” their sire replied,
 “ The coat I gave, of many a hue—
 “ Wandering, alone, the victim died,
 “ Some evil beast my darling slew.

“ Was no man near his life to save ?
 “ No ; heaven that life refused to spare—
 “ Then mourning I will seek the grave,
 “ Sink to the grave, and join him there.”

While thus, for him, his father wept,*
 His aged frame in sackcloth laid ;
 The youth surviv'd, in safety kept,
 Tho in far clime a captive made ;
 And where old Nile, with turgid wave,
 Rolls his proud length o'er Egypt's plain,
 Was led by heaven, a realm to save,
 And he shall see his sire again !

“ Why is his chariot so long in coming ? why tarry the
 wheels of his chariots ? JUD, v. 28.

(AIR—The Pigeon.)

Tho' tarrying steal
 The chariot wheel,
 Thy way tho' mysterious it be ;
 Tho' clouds wait around,
 And darkness profound,
 Yet hopeth my spirit in thee !

* This stanza is quicker time.

The languishing flower
Upbraids not the shower,
That long hath its coming delay'd,
Nor breathes out the less
Its fragrance, to bless
Its welcome, though lingering aid.

Then shall I repine,
If thy wisdom divine
A present desertion decree?
I may need to be taught,
By this season of drought,
That my soul is as naught, without Thee!

Yet oh, may the cloud
No longer thy shroud,
Descend as the soft latter rain!
On the wheels of thy love,
Bid thy chariot move,
To visit the mourner again!

“ Man giveth up the ghost, and where is He?”
JOB xiv. 10.

(AIR—O mistress mine.)

Where is the trembling spirit going,
 Its flick’ring taper faintly glowing,
 Sinking in its socket low?
 Life, away with Time, is flying,
 And when man departs in dying,
 Where is he, and who can know?

Hush’d is soon his mirth and laughter,
 Tow’rd him while a dread hereafter
 Hastes, with noiseless step, but sure;
 Then to Christ, who will receive us—
 Cheer us, when all else shall leave us,
 Let us fly, and be secure!

“ I will open fountains in the midst of the vallies.”
ISA. xli. 18.

(AIR—Roy’s wife.)

Risen ’mid the copsewood valley,
 Risen ’mid the copsewood valley,
 Saw ye flow the streamlet free,
 An’ water a’ the copsewood valley?

Threading its maze o' sedgy green,
It gars its bank bloom fresh an' bonnie;
An' sweet to me this sylvan scene,
This copsewood vale mair sweet than ony.
Risen 'mid the copsewood valley,
Risen 'mid the copsewood valley,
Saw ye flow the streamlet free,
An' water a' the copsewood valley?

In shade, sae Virtue's fountain clear,
Plays o'er its soil, mair rich than ony,
Whare laughs the spring thro' a' the year,
And ilka flow'ret drops wi' honey.
Risen 'mid the copsewood valley, &c.

E'en in our heart's wild, sterile scene,
His power can bid this fountain sally,
Wha clothes the waste wi' spots o' green,
An' opens springs in desert valley.
Risen 'mid the copsewood valley, &c.

“ Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;
and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat;
yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and
without price.” Isa. lv. 1.

(A12—Sweet day of rest.)

Come, all for life's pure tide who thirst,
All, who, their death in * sin, accurst,
Are taught to see and feel,
Come to the waters, come, and buy
That virtue, which their streams supply,
To purify and heal!

This, the Redeemer's gracious call,
To every soul of man, to all
Who mourn corruption's sway—
Buy wine—the emblem of His blood
On Calvary shed—a sacred flood
To wash our sins away.

And ye, that have no money, haste
Ye naught can plead, yet come, and taste
The bread that comes from heaven; †
Come buy and eat—believe and live—
And freely of His grace receive,
For all is freely given.

* Eph. ii. 1.

† John vi. 33.

And can we slight—our hearts tho' hard—
 These offers of divine regard,
 So precious and so free?
 --Clears'd from the streams, shall Naaman* rise--
 And we, more vile, that fount despise,
 Opened, O Lord, by thee!

“ The Sun of Righteousness.”

MAL. iv. 2.

(AIR—O lady fair.)

- 1st. voice. Thou sink'st, bright sun, beneath the water,
 That crimsons as with stain of slaughter,
 2d. E'en so, was quench'd in gory fountain,
 A brighter, behind Calvary's mountain:
 1st. Tho' faintly, fair orb, thy last beam thou'rt
 darting,
 Yet not for eye's that beam departing:
 3d. And is that fairer set for ever;
 Shall it ne'er rise in glory—never?
 All. Yes; risen, thro' heaven his radiance
 throwing,
 That Sun of Righteousness is glowing.
- 1st. voice. Tho' weep the dews thy fall in sorrow,
 Thou'lt dry up all their tears to-morrow;

* 2 Kings v. 14.

- 2d. Tho' mourn'd the church, her sun but
shrouded
His ray, to rise in light unclouded :
- 1st. Yet tho' at morn breakforth thy gleaming,
Even again shall hide thy beaming.
- 3d. And shall that spiritual orb, whose shining
Was blood-quenched once, e'er know de-
clining ?
- All. No; risen o'er heaven from fountain gory,
He shines for aye, its light and glory !
-

" Me, it (the world) hateth."

JOHN vii. 7.

(AIR—The streamlet that flow'd round her cot.)

When, loos'ning thy prison-house door,
Thy pitying friend set thee free,
Oh ! say, could'st thou love any more
The foe of this Saviour to thee ?
Ah oh ! if that enemy slew
The friend, that his life could lay down
A ransom for thine, could'st thou view
The traitor, with aught but a frown ?

Then, Christian, here pause o'er the line—
On the gaud-spangled world can'st thou smile
For Christ, is this Saviour of thine,
And she is that trait'ress of guile:
Oh hasten to trample the foe,
Her hate and her mock'ry to brave,
And thy peace as a river shall flow *
Thy love as the pure ocean wave !

* Isa. xlviii. 18.



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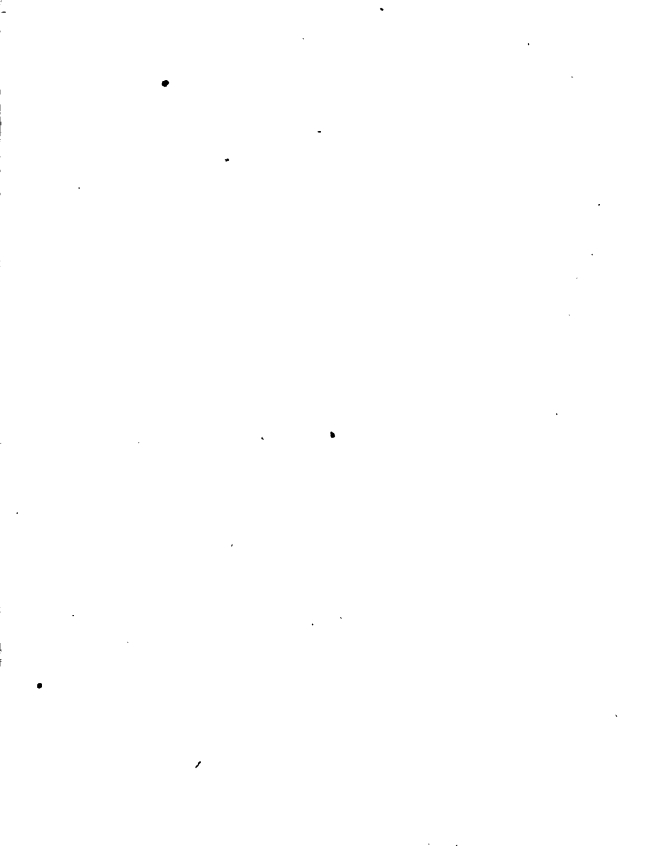
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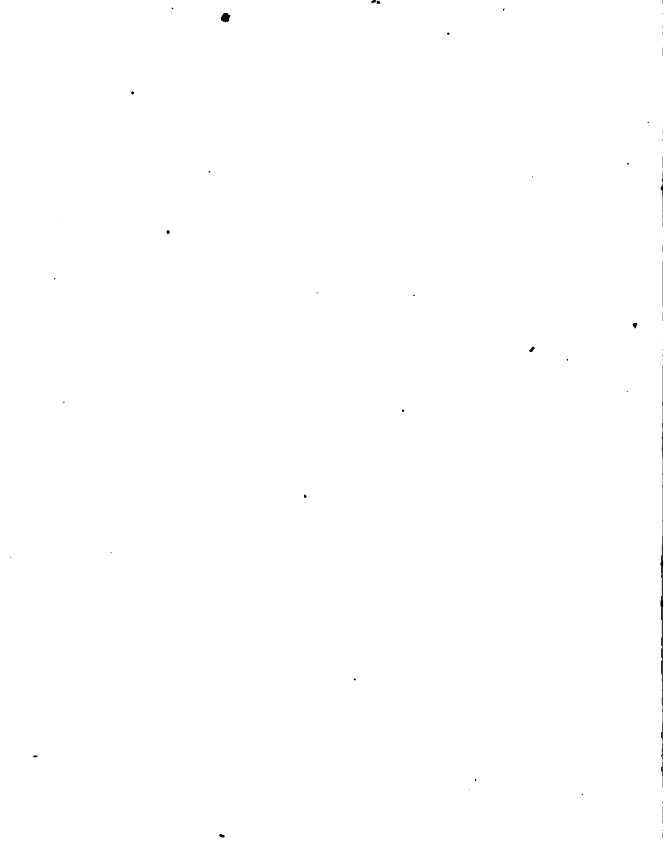
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THE END.

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